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*With kind regard of the Author*  
*J. De Page*  
**RHYMES FOR THE TIMES**

AND

**REASON FOR THE SEASON;**

OR

**A RHYMING RHAPSODY**

ON

**AMERICAN REVOLUTIONS.**

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE ISLAND MINSTREL."



GEORGE T. HASZARD, PRINTER, QUEEN SQUARE.

1861.

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ERRATUM.

Page 15, 5th line from the top, for "Texas and Kansas," read "Texas, Arkansas."

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# **"RHYMES FOR THE TIMES,**

AND

## **REASON FOR THE SEASON."**

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### **CHAPTER I.**

John Bull was born on English soil,  
Of sturdy pedigree ;  
And reared on Britain's happy Isle,  
A numerous family.  
Like olive plants his children there  
Around his table grew ;  
Beef and plum-pudding was their fare,  
For JOHN was well to do.

His children all were strong for toil;  
And trained to industry ;  
And some he kept to till the soil,  
And some he sent to sea.  
And some he sent abroad for trade,  
In foreign lands to roam ;  
And still of some, he soldiers made  
To guard his Island home.

Thus managing his large estate,  
His projects wise he planned ;  
The family grew rich and great,  
And prospered in the land.  
Britannia, from her Queenly throne,  
Would nod her head and smile ;  
And swear, in all the earth there's none  
Like JOHN of Britain's Isle !

But notwithstanding her good will,  
And all that JOHN could do,  
To keep his house in order, still  
His neighbors envious grew.  
The French, the Dutch, the Spaniards came  
With many a bold essay,  
To rob him of his honest fame  
Or take his goods away.

But such attempts were always vain ;  
John's fleets with energy  
Scattered their navies on the main,  
Or sunk them in the sea.  
No matter who the challenge gave,  
Against him who allied,  
His "meteor flag" swept o'er the wave,  
And humbled all their pride.

While thus secure from foreign foes,  
He nothing had to fear,  
A source of discontent arose  
Among his children dear.  
John favored the Establishment,  
The *Rubric* conn'd with care,  
And every Sunday fine he went  
To church with stately air.

Not so his children ; just as bees  
Will take in head to swarm  
And make another hive, so these  
Disliked the Established form :  
And sadly Mr. Bull they teased  
To give them liberty,  
To go and worship as they pleased,  
In realms beyond the sea.

Now, as the family was large  
And closely packed at home,  
JOHN gave them his paternal charge,  
And leave abroad to roam,  
To British North America  
Where there was room to spare ;—  
For Mr. BULL, I need not say,  
Had large possessions there.



There they arrived in safety, and  
Began to fell the trees,  
To burn the brush and till the land,  
And prosper by degrees ;  
They builded, traded, married wives,  
To them were children born,  
Fought savages to save their lives,  
And planted Indian corn.

Besides they strove with zealous care,  
To make religion thrive,  
Built "meetin'-houses" every where,  
And witches burnt alive ;  
For many years eschewing sin  
They lived by simplest rule,  
Taught all the girls to card and spin  
And sent the boys to school.

Regarding well the laws of health  
And fond of enterprise,  
They soon became renowned for wealth  
And famed for pumpkin pies !  
Then as a filial compliment  
Which Mr Bull might claim,  
They gave the land to which they went  
"New England" for its name.

In course of time, old Mr. BULL  
Looked on this "England new,"  
And thought he might extend his rule  
For raising Revenue ;  
His children all were taxed at home,  
Well then, 'twas only fair,  
Considering the "time had come,"  
To tax them over there.

Oh ! then "the fat was in the fire,"  
And discontent arose  
Between the children and their sire,  
Which came at last to blows ;  
A long remonstrance first they sent  
To JOHN across the sea,  
That, taxed without their own consent,  
They "did n't ought to be."

But Mr. BULL would have his way,  
And feeling stout and sirong,  
Declared they should be made to pay  
The taxes, right or wrong ;  
A pretty doctrine that—forsooth !  
As monstrous as 'twas new,  
That *Age* should knuckle down to *Youth*,  
And ask *them* what to do.

That he, JOHN BULL of ancient fame,  
And most distinguished might,  
Who made the world respect his name,  
Should thus give up his right.  
No! no! he'd pull the leading strings,  
His power to rule display,  
He'd teach the rascals better things  
And make the rogues obey.

So JOHN sent ships beyond the sea,  
In hopes no doubt to find  
They'd still respect their family—  
And kindred left behind ;  
But spite of ships and everything,  
More obstinate they grew,  
They would not sing "God save the King"  
But "Yankee doodle doo."

And finally they went to war,  
And fought with might and main  
Against their great progenitor,  
And hundreds then were slain ;  
While France that hated honest JOHN  
And owed him envious spite,  
With men and money help'd them on  
Against their father's right.

At length, the good old gentleman  
Grew weary of the strife  
Involving since the feud began  
Such fearful loss of life.  
So he resolv'd if they would "slope"  
And "jump about Jim Crow"  
He'd just allow them plenty rope  
And let the "critters" go.

---

## CHAPTER II.

When past had blown the blast of war,  
A cruel blast indeed ;  
And old JOHN BULL their ancestor,  
They thought, was fairly "treed ;"  
They set to work with one consent  
And willingness of mind,  
To frame the *tallest* Government  
E'er look'd at by mankind.

It should not be a Monarchy ;  
They calculated Kings  
And Crowns and all such pageantry  
Were "*good-for-nothin'*" things,

Fit only to engender pride  
And swamp the Revenue ;  
In England they had long been tried,  
And what could England do ?

What could she do ?—*creation*, see !  
But little any how,  
The States were in their infancy  
And they could "*lick*" her now !  
A great Republic would be best  
A novel dynasty !  
*All* people there should rule the *rest*,  
And independent be.

And thus the old Thirteen became  
As history relates,  
A Government, and took the name  
Of the UNITED States.  
They stretched from FLORIDA to MAINE  
And from the Atlantic tide  
Across the Alleghany chain  
To the Pacific side !

Some country that !—Their banners fair  
All starr'd and striped flew  
Their martial music was the air  
Of "*Yankee doodle doo*"

THE TIMES.

Their Heraldry, an eagle spread  
An auspice you'll allow,  
Which might be read,—we go ahead  
To *whip creation* now.

All Europe saw this Union rare  
Establish'd in the land,  
Bound by a chain with links to spare  
It promised long to stand ;  
Then to secure good local laws,  
Each separate State "*per se*,"  
"*Imperium in Imperio*" was  
That all might well agree.

JOHN BULL himself at last began  
To like his recreant pet,  
Well pleas'd to think that *Jonathan*  
Might come to something yet.  
He opened trade with him again  
And cotton was supplied ;  
JOHN paid in gold, 'twas mutual gain,  
And both were satisfied.

For eighty years they plied their trade  
By water, wind or steam,  
And free from trouble went *ahead*  
On Fortune's golden stream,

They show'd the world with ready skill  
What Yankee art could do,  
While larger and yet larger still,  
The big Republic grew ;

Grew out of fair Proportion's rule,  
Still greedy of design,  
They often threaten'd Mr Bull,  
About his boundary line.  
And boasted, as they only could,  
Times often and again,  
They would have " Cuba," *that* they would,  
The property of Spain.

But while they felt secure and strong,  
And judg'd that all was safe,  
The chain of Union, worn so long,  
Began at last to chafe.  
Opposing interests met and jarred,  
Wild Anarchy arose ;  
Which all the Union's beauty marred  
And filled the land with woes.

The famous Constitution old,  
*De jure*, as it stood,  
Gave power to prosecute for gold  
The trade in flesh and blood ;

To treat the negro slaves at will  
With cruelty and scorn ;  
The specious maxim holding still,  
That "all were *equal* born."

So Southern men their slaves would keep  
To hoe their corn and cane ;  
Some raised and sold the *blacks* like sheep,  
Or other stock for gain,  
Maintaining, "he whose skin was white,  
Altho' an arrant knave,  
Possess'd a most undoubted right  
The "*niggers*" to enslave."

The Abolitionists again  
Rejected such a test ;  
They said, if all were equal, then  
No race should be oppress'd,  
That all new States, which should henceforth  
Into the Union be  
Admitted—like the glorious North  
Should be for ever free.

Here was a knotty point indeed,  
Involv'd in Union law ;  
If Northern sentiment should spread,  
The Southern people saw—



Their ancient "Craft" in danger stood,  
And that if once withdrawn  
Their fruitful occupation would  
Be, like Othello's, gone.

Sage politicians now in vain,  
Attempted in debate,  
To ravel out the tangled skein  
And set the matter straight.  
At length the Southern States declar'd,  
They could unwind the clue,  
They'd whip their slaves and were prepared,  
To whip the Yankees too.

In other words, they meant to fight,  
Unless the North agreed  
To say, they had a perfect right  
And reason to secede.  
And here for precedent they went  
Straight back to Mr Bull,  
The *Pilgrims* left his Government,  
They'd leave the Fed'ral rule.

And so they did, and numerous hosts,  
In bold rebellious pride  
They rais'd, in all the Southern coasts  
Who *Jonathan* defied.

Ignor'd the famous "stripes and stars"  
And "Yankee doodle" grand,  
Rais'd the *Palmetto* under Mars  
And struck up "Dixies land."

---

## CHAPTER III.

What'er concealed for good or harm  
Within a name may be,  
That of Republic has no charm  
To give longevity ;  
Under Napoleonic sway,  
France did the form assume,  
Establish'd twice, it pass'd away  
To give the *Empire* room.

When older nations, ROME and GREECE  
Republican became,  
And deem'd they thus would best increase  
Stability and fame;  
They quickly lost their ruling force,  
The Government was *nil*;  
Diluted power would leave its course  
And run in *faction's* will.

*This Jonathan* might, could or should,  
But would not apprehend ;  
*John Bull*, he with suspicion view'd,  
Nor would he condescend  
To copy after his design  
Display'd in Britain's Isle,  
Although his Government benign,  
*Remains* the " Model style."

Well ! see the Great Republic bound  
By Union's boasted chain,  
When trouble comes, its strength is found  
Too weak to stand the strain ;  
When Southern planters feel inclin'd  
Their fealty to forego,  
The Fed'ral links no more can bind  
Than Sampson's *withs* or tow.

So fares it with America ;  
War's gloomy clouds arise,  
And cast their shadows every way,  
While Peace distracted flies ;  
Land of the Pilgrim Fathers old,  
Prepare to stand the brunt  
Of civil war ; Secession bold  
Presents a low'ring front.

The Carolinas both we view  
Prepared for the affray,  
Georgia and Alabama too,  
And fickle Florida ;  
Texas and Kansas rise to boot,  
And give their voice for war,  
Louisiana follows suit—  
Another *Shooting Star*.

But the “unkindest cut” of all  
Was that Virginia made,  
When echoing to Secession’s call,  
Her honor she betray’d ;  
Thou too Virginia ! dagger drawn,  
To stab the Union dead !—  
Where, shade of mighty Washington,  
Has “Independence” fled ?

A formidable front indeed,  
The Rebel forces shew ;  
Jeff. Davis, saucy, takes the lead  
And bids them onward go ;  
When prompt their banners are unfurled,  
And stream to public view,  
Proclaiming boldly to the world,  
What they intend to do.

But Jonathan so cute and wise,  
And prone himself to boast,  
Thought all was "feathers, fuss and noise,"  
Or gasconade at most ;  
These disaffected States, for shame !  
Would their rash acts recall,  
Maintain the Great Republic's name,  
Nor let its *prestige* fall.

And here a grand mistake again  
In the account was made ;—  
While the Confed'rates drill'd their men,  
And sharpened every blade,  
For coming battle's fearful day,  
The North would but deride  
Their anti-Union bold array,  
Their impudence or pride.

At length the Southerners compel  
The Fed'ral to their guard,  
With heavy mortars, shot and shell,  
Fort Sumpter they bombard ;  
On Northern subjugation bent,  
War's missiles fast they throw  
Into the place, which soon is rent  
And laid in ruin low.

And what of Anderson the bold  
Defender of the Fort ?  
By Jonathan's red-tapism sold,  
Of blundering schemes the sport ;  
He 's forc'd at last reluctantly—  
To save his soldiers' skin,—  
To strike his colors, turn the key,  
And let the Rebels in.

Without munitions to defend  
The Union's flag was he !—  
The saucy Rebels gained their end.  
*A bloodless victory.*  
On hearing this, for rumor flies,—  
The famous Mr Bull,  
Shaking his head profoundly wise,  
Thought of Sebastopol.

---

#### CHAPTER IV.

The storming of "Fort Sumpter" broke  
The slumb'ring apathy  
Of Northern men, who starting, woke  
The naked truth to see ;

The *South* with treason deep imbued,  
Intended now, 'twas plain,  
To pour America's best blood  
Upon her soil like rain.

Bold Jonathan—a little rash—  
No standing army had ;  
He argued such would waste his cash,  
And wasting cash was bad ;  
Unlike John Bull who always kept—  
To listen for the gong  
Of danger, while their master slept—  
An army myriads strong.

But now, when public feeling high,  
In war's direction ran,  
And "save the Union" was the cry,  
Recruiting wild began ;  
The rich, the poor, the small, the great,  
Good, bad, of all degrees  
From every City, Town and State,  
Came swarming out like bees.

The shopmen threw their yardsticks by,  
Ambitious of a name,  
Shoulder'd their rifles manfully,  
And struck the road for fame ;

The artisans shut up their shops  
With "Yankee notions" stored,  
Went into regimental slops,  
And buckled on the sword.

A rush to arms like this before,  
For ages had not been,  
In one short month their number's more  
Than ninety thousand seen ;  
In nothing lacking when enroll'd,  
Except perhaps in drill,  
All brave as those who fought of old  
On Bunker's bloody hill.

But pending now the grand Campaign,  
And battle's awful roar,  
The Fed'ral troops of Jonathan,  
A motley aspect wore ;  
Presenting to the wond'ring view,  
All classes of all creeds,  
Irish and Scotch and Germans too,  
And sundry doubtful breeds.

Here might be seen in white kid gloves,  
With knapsacks scented sweet,  
The admir'd of all their "ladye loves"  
A Regiment complete ;



There Willson's fiery fierce, Zouaves,  
Elect for bloody work,  
Pickpockets, rowdies, sharpers, knaves,  
And cut-throats of New York!

All willing to give up their trades,  
All eager for the start,  
To bathe their sanguinary blades  
In every rebel heart;  
Encouraged by their Captain's call  
Who now harangues them well,  
To fight like d——ls, or they'd all  
Be ere a month in h—ll.

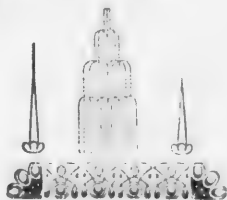
Hear that ! ye Southern traitors, hear !  
And tremble in your shoes ;  
Such are the foes ye have to fear  
Such are their leader's views ;  
By dint of steel, by word of mouth,  
By heroes such as these,  
The North intend to whip the South,  
And finish all *Legrees*.

Next, Jonathan supplied his Forts  
With reinforcements strong,  
Blockaded all the Southern ports,  
To starve the Rebel throug ;

Pursuing this decided course,  
Ashore and on the sea,  
He saved Fort Pickens from the force  
Of Southern treachery.

JOHN BULL heard all the stirring news  
That passed from day to day,  
Not unconcerned, but yet he chose  
A neutral part to play ;  
True ! there was Manchester to feed,  
And then the cotton trade  
Would suffer terribly indeed,  
From Jonathan's Blockade.

Still this appeared unto his mind,  
Like husband beating wife,  
A quarrel of domestic kind,  
The most degrading strife ;  
And while displeased to see the jar,  
He thought the better way  
Might be to send some stores of war  
To strengthen Canada.



## CHAPTER V.

Emboldened as the Rebels feel  
By Fortune's rising star,  
They push with a redoubled zeal,  
The purposes of war ;  
*Secession* now brooks no delay—  
A victory has been won,  
And fast they marshall their array  
To march on WASHINGTON.

Ready the word ! they forward go  
As obstinate as mules,  
To strike *Secession's second blow*,  
Before the iron cools.  
The *shaky* State of *Tennessee*  
In eager haste, they fill  
With bands of armed soldiery,  
To force *Secession's* will.

*Kentucky* too, though she inclines  
A *neutral* State to be,  
They quickly win by deep designs,  
From her integrity ;  
And while with principles of pride,  
All open ears they *bore*,  
The Union's *cancer* spreads more wide,  
More virulent and sore.

Virginia's sacred soil they hold,  
Alas ! must it be said ?  
"Where WASHINGTON had rocked of old  
The Union's cradle bed ;  
Grim Rebel traitors pace along  
*Secession's* banners fly  
While with entrenchments deep and strong  
Themselves they fortify."

Host now appears opposing host,  
Their piquets oft in view,  
But little doing save to boast  
Of what they *mean to do* ;  
But Rumour restless never tires,  
And telegrams are fraught  
With News, upon the wondrous wires,  
Of fearful battles fought.

Hundreds out skirmishing to-day,  
In bloody *raids* are slain,  
To-morrow counter-currents play,  
And they *revive* again ;  
In paper warfare both the hosts  
Each other's force deride,  
And back and forwards bandy boasts  
O'er the *Potomac* tide.

At length goes forth an *extra brag*,  
Jeff Davis saucily  
Gives out "The Great Secession Flag"  
The sign of slavery,  
Of bitter bondage, groans and scars,  
That Flag!—"exalted high  
Above the Union's Stripes and Stars  
At Washington shall fly!"

Rum! ruin! Rattlesnakes and death!  
"Thar 's" treason out o' cage;  
Each Union patriot held his breath  
And bit his lip with rage.  
What! "beard the lion in his den!"  
No marvel if arose  
With tenfold fury there and then,  
The spirit bellicose.

"Have at the traitors! give 'em fits!  
Strike heavy home, and hard;  
Slash Johnston's whole Brigade to bits,  
And blow up Beauregard!  
Let Federal forces be reviewed  
Their sterling *mettle* tried  
And take "offensive attitude  
To crush Rebellion's pride."


Such was the noisy boist'rous tone  
The Northern Press assum'd  
Till growling o'er contention's bone,  
Old *Abe* himself presum'd  
That Gen'ral Scott with such a force  
Upon the battle field,  
Could turn Rebellion's rampant course,  
And make Secession yield.

Hark to the stormy bugle's blast !  
Hark to the rolling drum !  
The order to advance, at last  
Has to McDowel come ;  
The Federal Forces shoulder arms,  
Impatient for the fray,  
While sanguine Hope spreads out her charms  
And Honor points the way.

#### THE BATTLE OF BULLRUN.

Where Fancy's "Blue Ridge" rises near  
Upon an elevation clear,  
Whence all the country, miles around  
Appear'd in prospect, open ground ;  
To follow Battle's furious car  
Amid the mighty throes of war,

And sketch the scene with truthful art,  
The "Island Minstrel" stood,  
And saw with palpitating heart,  
The sanguinary feud.  
Beheld with vision open, wide  
The drama's curtain drawn,  
The Fed'ral forces in their pride  
All marching to the River side,  
In haste from *Washington*.  
Observ'd them marshall'd on the shore,  
Their glancing armor gleam,  
Then all accountred, ferried o'er  
The old Potomac stream.  
Their Banners floating in the air,  
The "Stars and Stripes" display'd,  
And as they forward mov'd with care,  
Each lively color bright and fair  
Press'd into active service there,  
The Uniforms array'd.  
To Hero, hid behind a fence,  
Or Soldier-loving maid,  
'Twere worth as much as *Fifty cents*,  
One glance at that parade.



## II

Safe landed on the other side  
The Fed'rals next were seen,  
With ammunition well supplied,  
Deploying on the green.  
Advancing soon in columns wide,  
The Rebels "all serene!"  
Though furnish'd well in warlike style,  
With rifled cannon large,  
They march along for mile on mile,  
Without a gun's discharge!  
With nought their courage to employ,  
No open foe to face,  
They ALEXANDRIA occupy,  
And Garrison the place.—  
But here a tragedy befel  
Which must not be forgot,  
Of which the "Minstrel" grieves to tell,  
Brave ELLSWORTH here was shot:  
Essaying in his honest zeal,  
To serve his much-loved Union's weal,  
And gain a Patriot's name;  
He pulls with indignation down  
That Banner which disgrac'd the T—n,—  
Secession's burning shame!  
While nobly thus his thoughts aspire,  
Urg'd on by a supreme desire



From Revolution's horrid mire,  
His country yet to save ;  
He falls before the assassin's fire  
Into a Hero's grave.

## III.

Following their course o'er dale and hill  
The "Minstrel" marks their motions still,  
Supported well they seem to be  
By the Rhode Island battery ;  
And now with quicker step amain,  
They, with their lumbering baggage train,  
Eager to sight the foe, again  
Advance along the open plain,  
Determined for the fight ;  
Upon their left and up the hill,  
The Railway leads to Bullrun mill,  
The Orange Road runs parallel  
Extending on their right ;  
The *Bullrun Station* now is near,  
Unchecked as yet, their bold career,  
The air resounds with shout and cheer,  
Prelude of victory !—But here  
Bold Beauregard so sly,  
Waiting with all his rebel throng,

Behind his batteries masked so long  
 At Jonathan's Battalia strong,  
 With deadly aim lets fly.  
 Gorillas ! traitors ! who or where ?  
 And on, the Federals boldly bear,  
 Another volley fills the air,  
 Then shout, and shriek and cry  
 Are heard from those who prostrate there  
 Are straightened out to die !

IV.

" Attack the batteries now " anon !  
 Quick as the sound of signal gun,  
 The General Order runs ;  
 Now Gallants for the Union, on !  
 Think of your *wives* and WASHINGTON,  
 Annihilate Secession's spawn,  
 And take the Rebel guns.  
 That Order indecision broke,  
 And furious they engage,  
 While through the eddying wreaths of smoke  
 Is seen the battle rage.  
 The federal ranks with vigour deal  
 Their blows,—no white kid glove appeal—  
 As man encounters man ;  
 The rebels their resentment feel,

And forward rush and backward reel  
Upon and from the temper'd steel  
Of Brother Jonathan.  
For nine long hours with all their might,  
Their wearied arms they ply,  
Upon the dubious field of fight,  
Both indisposed to fly.  
At length the Rebels as in fright (?)  
Desert their posts and take to flight,  
The Fed'als follow with delight,  
And claim a victory.  
Three batteries here with all their guns  
Are captur'd in the fray,  
A Telegraphic message runs  
To Washington that day ;  
"A brilliant victory has been won,  
Secession's job,—already done"  
The Union breathes !—"the rebels run  
Like frightened deer, Hurra !"

## V.

While in the North, this welcome sound  
The life of every circle crown'd  
The Federals in their joy  
Advancing further on the ground  
Are trapped into Secession's pound,  
Fresh batteries masked again are found,

And BAUREGARD, another round  
At Jonathan lets fly !  
That dreadful storm with ruin hoarse  
Of lead and iron hail  
Sweeping along with fearful force  
Laid in its horizontal course  
Some hundreds deathly pale.  
The Federal troops without command  
A moment disconcerted stand  
Upon the field of fame  
When lo ! as Bouregard had planned  
Johnson himself and all his band  
Of soldiers *fresh* are close at hand  
To finish out the game.  
Yes ! Johnson's whole brigade are there  
In battle's trim array !  
But where, O Pennsylvania ! where  
Was Patterson that day ?  
Commissioned by the Powers *that were*,  
To keep a bright look out  
For Johnson should he dare to stir  
And face him right about,  
He, while the Fed'als pressed so hard  
Are blown to pieces hack'd and scarred  
He ! with his famous " Three Months' Guard"  
Is busy playing *Grouchy's* card,  
Regardless of the rout.

## VI.

And such a rout ! for panic struck  
The hosts of Jonathan,  
Lost all their " Save the Union " pluck  
And in disorder ran ;  
Ran literally like those *do run*  
Who know how running should be *done*,  
Ran scampering o'er the plain ;  
Ran from their rebel foes aghast,  
And as their arms away they cast,  
Inspired by terror, ran so fast  
That high command nor bugle blast  
Could rally them again.  
And what's the damage ? queried some  
Who saw them helter skelter come  
What's happened " thar " to day ?  
" Jerusalem ! we're up a tree,  
All lick'd as clean as lick'd can be  
Knock'd into a cocked hat you see !  
And they are coming ! yes Sir-ee !  
We havn't time to stay ! "  
Thus ended the Bullrun Campaign,  
Of Cousin Jonathan,  
When all the force, except the slain  
Got back to Washington.

